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ESTABLISHED A.D. 1841.

Hongkong, 4th January, 1892.

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FOR 1892.

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.....Hongkong, 13th March 1892.

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It is requested that all communications relating to Subscriptions, Advertisements, &c., be addressed to the 'Manager, Hongkong Telegraph,' and not to the Editor.

Letters on Editorial matters to be sent to 'The Editor' and not to individual members of the staff.

Communications intended for publication must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.

While the columns of the Hongkong Telegraph will always be open for the free discussion by correspondents of all questions affecting public interests, it must be distinctly understood that the Editor does not in any way hold himself responsible for opinions thus expressed.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisers are requested to forward all notices intended for insertion in this paper not later than Three o'clock on the day before the early publication of the paper.

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TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscribers to The Hongkong Telegraph are respectfully reminded that all Subscriptions are payable in advance.

**The Hongkong Telegraph.**

HONGKONG, THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1892.

**TELEGRAMS.**

**ANOTHER LOAN.**

LONDON, January 5th.

The Times states that a Russian Financial Agent has arrived in Paris to negotiate a new Russian loan; his success is doubtful.

**LOCAL AND GENERAL.**

Cholly Spoons—When you are with me, Miss Cutting, of what do you think the most?

Miss Cutting—Why, Balsam, of course!

A REGULAR meeting of Diligentia Lodge of Instruction will be held in Freemason's Hall, Zealand Street, on Thursday, the 14th instant, at 5 for 5.30 p.m. precisely. Visiting brethren are cordially invited.

Miss Giddy—I think a half-grown mostache simply awful!

Jack Blazer—(not shaved) why awful?

Miss Giddy—It's so irritating!

(Jack pursued)

At the Magistracy to-day a Chinaman employed in the *Dei Press* office was charged with opening an envelope addressed to his employers and abstracting one "night-pass." He admitted the theft and was sent to prison for a month.

Four sampan men went close alongside the *Orontes* at the quarantine anchorage yesterday, but were stopped and taken to the police station on the charge of contravening the Quarantine Regulations. This morning they were convicted and sent to gaol for a week.

THE final figures of the Census for portions of India are now complete. The province of Bombay has a population of 15,985,270: Sind, 2,871,774; Aden, 44,079; Ajmer, 52,358; Punjab, British territory, 20,866,847; Punjab, feudatory, 4,463,280; Berar, 2,897,491; Assam, 4,435,743; the Andamans, 15,609; Coorg, 173,055; Mysore, 4,943,604; Cashmere, 2,543,952.

INSPECTOR BUTLIN made a fairly profitable haul yesterday. He has several times had to arrest gamblers in a house in Shan-ki-wan, and has warned the proprietor. The Chinaman said he could not help it, people would gamble in spite of all his efforts, and so on. Finally the house was arrested and charged with persistently violating his house as a gaming house, and was fined \$100, which he paid at once.

EDINBURGH seems (says a correspondent) to have suffered from the influenza epidemic more than most other cities. The death-rate, which is usually 16 or 17 per 1,000 in the week, reached last week the alarming rate of 31 per 1,000, and this week's return is expected to show an increase. A curious feature of the disease is that it is most prevalent, not in the poorest and most crowded districts of the city, but in the most fashionable and the elite.

THE Hongkong Coal was thoroughly tested on one of the Douglas Co's steamers this morning. Messrs C. P. Chater, T. E. Davies, and A. G. Morris were on board at the time. The trial, which was a crucial test lasting fully four hours, was satisfactory in every way, the vessel attaining a speed of eleven knots although the firemen were unaccustomed to "firing up" with coal of the description used exclusively on the *Glennavon*. Other tests were on the *Glennavon*, but from what has already resulted from recent trials it would seem that the Hongkong Coal is the best and cheapest procurable, and is equal to the best Cardiff.

A HINAMAN who had made a princely fortune as a planter in Deli (Sumatra) came back to "his own, his native land" with joy in his heart and \$200 in his box. He called by the *Glennavon* from Singapore, and the day before he reached Hongkong he was lying asleep and dreaming of home, with his money-box under his head, when two pilgrims who had not made a pile went and sat down beside him, and gently carved a piece out of the box, tickling his bald head and morning angel whiskers into his ear, so as to "let him dream again." They had finished with his box. Then they neatly abstracted the \$200 and went off. They sat down only a few yards away, just as "Joy" and his brother in the Pantomime always do, to divide the spoil, and were caught in the act. On arrival here they were duly handed over to the police, brought up to-day before Mr. Wise, found guilty, and sentenced to six months each.

TRUE sports will be glad to hear that Bendif the "slogger," who is now in our midst, will give an exhibition of his skill, and show how a man can take care of himself when set on by two or three men at one and the same time, next week. A thorough treat in store for those who know anything about the little arena, for the tough champion has, in addition to slugging everything that faced him in the colony, in Africa, Colombo and Singapore, walked around the ring for hours with such veterans as Jim Mac, Peter Jackson (the "Australian Invincible"), and Charlie Mitchell, and fought for Jim Smith (of London) in vain. Arrangements for the show are sure to be *comme il faut*, for not only has Charlie Robinson, undertaken to fight things, but such athletes as Sergeants Teonant and Thompson are assisting in the matter, so there can be no doubt that the most interesting and successful boxing tournament ever witnessed in Hongkong will be the result.

At the meeting of the Sanitary Board to-morrow, Friday, at 4.15 p.m. the order of the Day will be read. Agenda:—(1) Monthly Returns for the week ending the 26th December, 1891, and January, 1892. (2) Surveyor's report on the condition of the house-drains of houses Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 17, 21, 23, 25, and 31, Morque Street. (3) Superintendent's report for December, 1891.

THE past year has been an unusually busy one for the department presided over by our energetic Harbour Master, Comdr. Hastings, R.N., the arrivals of vessels during 1891 exceeding those of 1890 by 164 vessels, aggregating 212,054 tons. Of British vessels 2,556, aggregating 3,593,223 tons, entered the port against 1,527 of 1,036,302 tons in 1890. Next in importance is the German shipping with entries amounting to 770, aggregating 726,716 tons, against 737 vessels with a total tonnage of 675,195 tons, register. The Chinese are next on the returns with 336 vessels, tons 361,547, against 150 vessels, aggregating 190,477 tons, in 1890. The others are insignificant.

TO-DAY'S SHIPPING RETURNS.

Inward.

Amigo .....steamer, from Haiphong.

Glennavon ..... " " London.

Consolidated ..... " " Tientsin.

Don Juan ..... " " Manila.

Lytle-moon ..... " " Canton.

Yikiang ..... " " Manila.

Aggregating 7,490 tons, register.

Outward.

Kwongkai .....steamer, for Shanghai.

Michael Josen ..... " " Saigon.

Asago ..... " " Nagasaki.

Hailong ..... " " Swatow.

Cardiganshire ..... " " Singapore.

Taichang ..... " " Swatow, &c.

Spinaway .....bark " Singapore.

Aggregating 8,599 tons, register.

THE Tai-ping-shan pawnshops and "marine stores" constitute a deeply interesting museum of petty larceny, often so instructive that it is a pity there is no regularly constituted police curator, to make a continuous record of inspection with a police-station their report book as his catalogue and guide to the exhibition. Often they are traced through casual discoveries here and more might be done in this way. Only today a Chinaman was fined \$10 for stealing some of the metal work off the filter bed sluices, accidentally spotted in a Chinese shop by Detective Madden. How many Englishmen have lived in Hongkong—even for a week—without a meerschaum pipe disappearing, or a pair of sleeve links walking off, or a card case losing itself? Dozens of little things are stolen every day, and almost all are exposed for sale in Chinese stores within forty-eight hours of seizure. The suggestion may not be practically workable; our police force is already so efficient that we hardly date suggest that there is room for improvement; but it might be tried.

A CORRESPONDENT informs us that Messrs. Butterfield and Swire's agent at Swatow has made a curious sort of effort to reward the services of pilot Fook, who rescued many of the passengers from the wreck of their steamer *Fuzhou* a few days ago. The gallant pilot, it seems, was sent for by the agent, who, after a good deal of "talker-talker all same sort" (as the Chinese say), was given the pilot's order for fifty dollars! The pilot, who is every inch a man, promptly declined the *Tai-fuk* bounty, and suggested that it should be given to his Chinese boat's crew, who deserved to be rewarded for the extra work they performed on the occasion of the wreck of the *Tongshan* and *Tungwan*. For him, he was sufficiently satisfied with the knowledge that he was supposed to have rescued the lives of dozens of his fellow creatures for the sake of a few paltry dollars. If this is true we can but congratulate the Swatow community on having in its midst a man worthy the name, and express the hope that the Chinese authorities will recognize the pilot's heroic conduct in a suitable manner without delay.

Two Chinamen were fined \$10 each by Mr. Wise to-day for catching a rat and cutting off its tail to see how it could run without them. It was a pity to stop them, for a pleasant instructive Sabbath day's enjoyment was before them; and to fine them was cruel. Why, how many funny things can be done with rats!

Nobody ever thought of interfering before. In the course of our ramble about Saling-poon, Shikong-shui, and other suburban suburbs, we have frequently seen the Chinese and Macanese making most enjoyable experiments on rats and other things, and policemen calmly looking on and enjoying the fun. For instance, you catch a rat and pour kerosene all over it, and then set fire to it; or you cut off one toe after another, and watch the brute try to run; or stick him full of pins; or run a couple of chopsticks through him; and let him go; or else several rats' tails together with a bunch of crackers fixed into the knot; or hang a rat by a string from a tree, and beat him with bricks at him; or nail him (alive, of course) to a door and make shots with a pocket knife, to see who can first hit him in the eye; but best of all is the simple kerosene treatment. All these innocent little games are to be seen in full swing in Hongkong any day—and then people say we are not civilising the natives!

THE six-King of Annam, Ham-Ghi, who has been imprisoned for the last three years in Algeria, has been recently removed to Média. The young monarch enjoys a reputation for being very intelligent, and has quite accustomed himself to European ways, speaking and writing French with great ease and correctness. It was feared that taking advantage of the great liberty which was accorded him, he might one day reach an Algerian port, and by means of an English steamer make his escape. He is about twenty-three years of age, strong, red full of energy, and was installed in a beautiful villa at El-Biar, from whence it would have been quite easy for him to take his departure without being noticed. His household consisted of a female housekeeper, Tonkinese secretary, charged with the surveillance of the prisoner, and an Annamite cook. The young King appeared to have enjoyed a very gay life, visiting where he liked and entering at all hours of the night. He was allowed \$1,000 a year by the French Government, and appears to have lived up to it. The French evidently received a lesson from the escape of the chief Touray, one of the assassins of the Crampel Mission, and hence their determination to move their royal prisoner to safer quarters. Média is said to possess a delightful climate, and although Cato said "lingue" that "a day, an hour of virtuous liberty was worth an eternity of bondage," the young monarch may find life more enjoyable there than leading a fortune here in his country, in the presidential mansion of his native land.

THE "Shropshire Boys" are still caged up in the *Orontes*, which is lying at anchor away down at Stonecutters Island. Hard lines!

Berlin Net—I was trunk last night.

Victor Gap—Nothing remarkable about that.

Berlin Net—But it was a new trunk, and not do old one!

Silk—"I thought I married the best man in the world but I find I made a mistake." He—"I thought I married the best little girl in the world, and I find that I was not mistaken." She—"Forgive me, Charlie—you know that I don't always mean what I say." He ( sotto voce )—"Neither do I."—Etc.

THE Tower Bridge is the greatest engineering work in London now approaching completion. It will probably be opened in the course of next year, and will do much credit to the City Corporation and Mr. Wolfe Barry, the engineer-in-chief, a brother of the great architect who adorned the other end of London with the Houses of Parliament. The bridge opens in the centre to admit the passage of vessels. The level of the roadway is not more than 33 feet above high water mark.

**HONGKONG BRICK AND CEMENT COMPANY.**

At the fifth ordinary meeting of shareholders in this company to-day there were present:—

Messrs. D. Gillies (Chairman), J. B. Coughtrie, W. Watson, W. H. Rae, H. N. Moyle, T. E. Davis, A. G. Stokes, J. D. Humphreys, R. Finlay Smith, E. George, C. L. Gorham, M. R. Gomes, and J. E. Gomes, and W. H. Walker, secretary.

The Chairman said:—Gentlemen, the report having been in your hands for some days with your permission we will consider it as having been read. The result of the past twelve months working, although a great advance on former years and very satisfactory in some respects, still has not been so favourable as your Directors anticipated when I addressed you at this time last year, chiefly owing to our production having been very much reduced by the loss of our mat-sheds, the destruction of one of our kilns, and the long period of wet stormy weather during the summer months, while at the same time our monthly expenditure for fuel and the cost of running the works was just as much as when we were turning out the full complement of our goods. To obviate these drawbacks in the future, your Directors intend putting up new iron sheds of more substantial structure so that our output may be continuous and our kilns properly protected from the destructive effects of the heavy rain storms. The shareholders will be pleased to know that our new pin mill and the new pipe machine have been erected at the works and a trial made in November last which gave most satisfactory results, so that we may look forward to a large increase in our production during the current year, and we can state with every confidence that we now manufacture the best class of goods that come into the eastern market, therefore they not only meet with a ready sale locally, but are rapidly gaining a strong footing in the Straits, and as soon as we can effect satisfactory arrangements with regard to agents and freight we have every reason to believe that the Straits Settlements and Java will prove a most advantageous market for all the goods we can produce. The payment of a dividend to shareholders has been carefully considered by your Directors, but having regard to the large amount standing to the debit of profit and loss account, they feel that it is the interests of the Company they would not be justified in recommending one.

There being no questions, the Chairman moved the adoption of the report and accounts. Mr. Rae seconded the motion, which was carried.

On the motion of Mr. Stokes seconded by Mr. Coughtrie, Messrs. J. Anderson and C. P. Chater were re-elected Directors.

On the motion of Mr. Davis seconded by Mr. Moyle, Messrs. Harris and Potts were re-elected auditors.

The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the Chairman and Directors, the former expressing the hope that next year's meeting would see a declaration of dividend.

The report of the directors states:—

Encouraging progress is shown in each department of the Company's manufactures, and this will be seen in the comparison of the total sales of the year with those of the previous periods. Total sales 1891, \$2,016,022. Total sales 1890, \$2,058,600; Total sales 1889, \$2,617,676. There is still an increasing demand for the goods in foreign markets, which we can more fully take advantage of at the present difficulties in the way of shipping are removed. The local demand continues good, and the Company is still under engagements with the Colonial Government, with whom we hope to enter into further contracts as they arise. In February 1891 a call of \$3 per share was made for the purpose of paying for the new pipe and pin mill machinery, kilns, &c. The call was paid up, and the sum of \$85,000. The expenses of the year include the cost of heavy damage to materials and kiln coverings by the storms of July and August last and also an unfortunate loss in connection with an importation of Japan coal, which it was deemed advisable by your Directors to compound rather than resort to litigation. The plant and machinery has been inspected by Mr. Andrew Johnston, whose report is annexed. After five years' arduous attention to the affairs of the Company, the directors feel entitled to some remuneration, and have therefore accepted a fee of \$100 each which appears in the report.

**INSPECTOR'S REPORT.**

Hongkong, 12th November, 1891.

At the request of Mr. W. H. Walker, Secretary of The Hongkong Brick and Cement Company, Limited, I visited the Company's Works at Deep Water Bay to report on the Plant and Machinery, and found the whole of the Buildings, Kilns, Bolders, Engines and Machinery in an efficient and serviceable condition, and consider the values placed against them, severally, to be fair and reasonable.

(Signed) Andrew Johnston.

**MR. W. S. GILBERT AT HOME.**

The "Illustrated Interview" in the October number of the Strand Magazine is with Mr. W. S. Gilbert. We extract the most entertaining passages.

**HIS LITTLE WORLD.**

Mr. Gilbert (we read) lives in a land of his own. There is nothing wanting to complete his miniature kingdom: at Grange's Dyke, Harrow, Wiltshire, with a hundred and ten acres at his disposal, he has laid down a "healthy two miles of path," which winds their way through banks of moss and ferns, avenues of chestnut-trees, and secluded valleys. You find one of one path.

only to enter a diminutive forest; again, and you are standing by the rushes and water-weeds by the side of the old Dyke, which has run its course for two thousand years and more, spanned by rustic bridges; and in one part, near the bathing-house, is a statue of Charles II., which originally stood years ago in Soho-square. You may wander along a walk of roses and sweetbriar, or admire the view from the observatory, where the owner enjoys his astronomical watching. From another spot Windsor Castle is visible. Mr. Gilbert is a man of many minds. The verses of some opera does not prevent him from watching the interests of his thoroughbred Jersey—there is a perfect home farm on the Gilbertian land. He has not—save at rehearsal—seen one of his own plays acted for 17 years. Report says that on "first nights" he wanders about muffled up, with his hat over his eyes, along the Thames Embankment, casting occasional glances in the direction of the water, and mentally measuring the height of Waterloo Bridge. Nothing of the kind. He goes to his bed and smokes a cigar, and looks in the theatre about 11 to see if there is "a call," and he is seldom disappointed in the object of his visit. He is quite content to look in at the theatre to see that everything is safe for the curtain to rise, goes away, and returns at the fall.

**READY FOR AN INDIAN OPERA.**

The library has one distinctive curiosity. It opens out to the lawn, and its white enamel bookcases contain close upon four thousand volumes out of a total stock of some five thousand, scattered about the house. All round the apartment are drawings by A. Caracci, Watteau, Lancret, Salvator, Ross, Rubens, Andrea del Sarto, and others; and on top of the bookcases are arranged seventy heads representing all sorts and conditions of characters typical of India. They are made of paper, and are the work of a brother of the great architect who adorned the other end of London with the Houses of Parliament. The bridge opens in the centre to admit the passage of vessels. The level of the roadway is not more than 33 feet above high water mark.

**HOW MR. GILBERT WORKS.**

It is not time, and on the day of my visit he had just finished the libretto of his new comic opera. He weighs the great blue envelope in his hand, and after the servant has left the room, flings himself into his favorite chair, and suggests remarks. "There goes something that will either bring me in twenty thousand pounds or twenty thousand pence!" And a favorite chair with Mr. Gilbert is an article of furniture not to be despised. It is of red leather, and he has used the same size and pattern for a quarter of a century. He takes it with him wherever he goes, for he never writes at a desk. When working he sits here with a stool exactly the same height, and, stretching himself on these, he writes on a pad



At length the little creature—perhaps convinced of the truth by seeing the Hindus beginning to take off the tigers' skin—desisted from its fruitless efforts to arouse its dead mother, and running up to the Englishman nestled itself at his feet as if claiming his protection.

"Well, I can't stand that!" said the young officer, pressing his lips hard together. "The tigers had to die of course; but it is hard upon the cub. Poor fellow! it was I who killed his mother, and yet it comes to me for help; and help it shall have as sure as I stand here. I have heard some of our fellows say that nobody can ever tame a tiger properly; so now I will just try what I can do myself."

And then, lifting the little bundle of striped fur tenderly in his arm, the captain strode away through the bushes towards his tent, while his native followers—who had watched the whole proceeding with silent amazement—exchanged curious glances behind his back.

Seven years had passed since the day of the tiger hunt, and had brought many changes along with them. The young captain had by this time risen to the rank of colonel, for the unparagoned havoc wrought by the terrible "Sixth War" had made promotion unusually rapid; and his adopted favourite, the little tiger cub, had developed into a magnificent "royal tiger," nearly nine feet long.

To all appearance, however, the young Englishman had been perfectly successful in his self-imposed task of taming the tiger. Selim, as this strange pet was called, followed his master everywhere like a dog, took food from his hand, and slept on a piece of matting outside his door at night—a pretty good security against robbers. Having never tasted human flesh, he had not acquired the untamable ferocity of the confirmed "man-eater," and he showed himself friendly enough to all his master's guests, although he never manifested any special affection towards any one except the colonel himself, with whom he was so playful and caressing that the soldiers of the regiment had long since named him "the colonel's big cat."

Thus matters stood when the colonel and a portion of his regiment were sent to occupy a frontier post at the foot of the Himalayas, mountains, in order to repress the devastating raids which the wild mountain tribes were making upon the peaceful inhabitants of the plain below.

By some unfortunate oversight, however, the force told off for this duty was far too small to keep watch over so wide a stretch of country, or to cope successfully with half a dozen hostile tribes, even under such a leader as the colonel. In spite of all the young leader's precautions, the enemy were not long in finding out the insufficient strength of the English, and at once prepared to take advantage of it.

A week had passed since the occupation of his new post by the regiment, and as the seventh night began to fall, the vigilant colonel felt more than usually anxious. He had been forced to send off a detachment in pursuit of one of the enemy's plundering parties, and this had so much diminished his already small force that if the *Paharis* (mountaineers) were to attack him now—as seemed likely—he would hardly have soldiers enough left to man the defences.

Altogether, matters were looking anything but satisfactory; and the colonel, tired as he was after a hard day's work, started out soon after midnight to make the round of the entrenchment, and see for himself that all was right, leaving his pet tiger shut up at home, very much against his will.

All the men were at their posts, and seemed as fresh and ready for action as they could be; but the young commander was ill at ease, nevertheless. He leaned over the outer stockade, and looked keenly into the gloom (for it was quite dark by this time), straining his quick ears and eyes to the utmost.

What! what was that strange sound that he heard suddenly, or seemed to hear? Was it merely the leaves rustling in the night wind, or was it the stealthy footfall of an advancing enemy?

The colonel at once bade his men light the fire-balls which his watchful care had kept in readiness, and the sudden flash revealed a mass of wild faces and dark figures and glittering weapons coming on as swiftly and silently as the wild beasts of his native jungle, on all sides of the entrenchment, at once.

"Fire!" roared the colonel, with the full strength of his powerful voice.

The volley, poured at so short a range into such a dense mass of assailants, made fearful havoc; but it could only check, for an instant, the headlong rush of the assault. Shrilly and horribly, under the night air, pealed the ear-piercing yell of the mountain war cry, and the wave of swarthy faces and tossing arms and flashing sword-blades came surging up against the stockade.

So fierce was the rush of the assailants that the English soldiers had not even time to reload their pieces before the enemy were upon them; and then ensued such a hacking, and stabbing, and slashing, and pounding, with clubbed muskets, and grappling hand-to-hand in the darkness, as the oldest soldier there had never seen before.

In the hurry-burry and confusion, the brave colonel, who had been in the thick of the fight from the first, fighting like a lion, was separated from his own men, and attacked by four or five of the enemy at once.

The foremost assailant was struck down in an instant to rise no more, but with the force of the blow the colonel's sabre snapped off at the hilt, leaving him defenceless. In another instant he would have been overpowered by him, but just then a tremendous roar was heard above all the din of the battle, and Selim, the pet tiger, who had escaped from his imprisonment, and had come in search of his master, fell like a thunderbolt upon the colonel's assailants, bearing them down like bulwarks beneath his mighty paws and terrible fangs.

This sudden and extraordinary attack struck a panic into the superstitious natives. In the darkness and confusion of this midnight battle, they could not tell whether they were assailed by one tiger or by fifty, and the most natural explanation of this wonder, according to their ideas, was that this great English chief, who seemed to be proof against all weapons, and who had tamed the tiger for him, must be a mighty magician, whose spells had summoned to his aid all the wild beasts of the jungle.

They gave way at once—the English rallied and pressed on—and at the same moment a few dropping shots in the distance followed by the sound of a lusty British hurrah, told both sides that the detachment sent off by the colonel in pursuit of the plunderers a few days before had come up to the rescue, and was falling upon the discomfited enemy in the rear.

Poor Selim, however, paid dearly for the gallant intervention which had thus changed the fortune of the day. When the fight was over and the English soldiers came back to look for their favourite, they found his mighty frame lying stark and stiff among the dead, struck down by a chance bullet in the heat of the last struggle.

But the brave beast did not fall in vain. Without knowing it, he had done good service, not only to his master, but to the whole civilised world for the young colonel, whose life he had preserved at the cost of his own, afterwards became General Sir James Outram—"The Bayard of India"—one of the three heroes who saved England's Eastern empire from destruction during the terrible days of the great Sepoy Mutiny.

## FASHION'S BEGINNINGS.

THE ORIGIN OF COSTUMES.

It seems that trousers originated in the Gaelic nations that finally overthrew the power of Rome. When the Roman Emperor Aurelian led Petricus, the barbarian, in triumph, the latter was arrayed becomingly in a pair of three-dollar breeches, Boston not then having been founded and the word "pants" consequently unknown. The fashion thus introduced into Rome was a plant of slow growth, the Romans believing that any division in the garment below the waist was a mark of effeminacy. Gradually, however, as luxury became rampant, the trouser-leg became more pronounced, and close trousers became the general costume. Alexander the Great had a twist in his neck. It was therefore fashionable for every one in the monarch's court to copy his neck in the same way. The practice of the Cardinals of Rome of wearing red hats at ceremonial and processions was introduced by Pope Innocent IV as a symbol to indicate the readiness of the Cardinals to spill their blood for Jesus Christ.

The use of powder originated in the fancy of a French mountebank, who dressed his head with flour in order to emphasize his idiocy. The practice is said to be due to the misfortune of Phillip, Duke of Burgundy. His hair fell out and his physicians advised him to cover his head with artificial hair which he did, and thus set the fashion. One day Francis I of France was struck on the chin with a piece of tile. Of course, the wounded part could not be shaved. Thus beads came into fashion, after having been out for nearly a century. Once upon a time Charles VI of France gave a marquerade ball, and he and five of his courtiers took the part of satyrs. To do this artistically they were clothed in loose linen habits, besmeared with resin and then stuck all over with down. One of the company, in a frolic, lighted one of the satyrs with a torch and, in consequence, four of them were burned to death. This is supposed to be the origin of the tar-and-feather custom.

Charles VII of France had a pair of ill-made legs. He wore a long coat to conceal them. Result: Everybody else wore long coats. Peter the Great adopted a novel means to convince his subjects that they should change their clothes to conform with the modern customs of Western Europe. Believing, as is well known historically, that the future greatness of Russia depended upon the facility with which it was made to assimilate all that was best in other countries, he had succeeded in introducing some important innovations into the half-civilized region over which he held sway. At length he had patterns of cloth hung up at the gates of the towns, and those who did not conform to the fashion thus set were docked publicly. Albeit this was done in as pleasant a manner as possible, for Peter believed in being good-natured with his people. On the other hand, loudly denouncing and using the argument that what was good enough for their fathers was good enough for them. "Very well," said the sagacious Peter. In 1703 he gave a dinner at Moscow to celebrate the marriage of one of his sisters, and invited that it should be conducted in strict conformity with ancient usage. There had formerly been a superstitious custom of not lighting a fire on a wedding. So Peter made them do without a fire, although it was colder than Christmas in a Hoboken boarding house. He wouldn't give them any wine, because their fathers never drank it. When they remonstrated, he reminded them that it was a poor rule which did not work all around, and thus, by his good-natured greatness, wheedled his people into new customs—about the hardest thing that can be done with humanity.

Few articles of dress were more popular at one time than the Spencer, the origin of which is extremely curious. Mr. Spencer, an Englishman, rather peculiar in his dress, one time remarked in company that no fashion was so ridiculous but would be adopted if worn by a person of sufficient importance. This was objected to, whereupon Mr. Spencer offered to bet that if he cut off the skirts of his coat and walked out with merely the body and sleeves, some one would follow him. The bet was taken, the coat prepared and Mr. Spencer used it in London, passed a well-known tailor whom he knew was always looking for something new. Thus the Spencer came into use.

At the battle of Steinkirk, which took place on the morning of August 3, 1693, the French nobles were surprised in their sleep, and hastily rushing out of their tents they arranged their lace cravats in the most careless manner. The French were victorious, and to commemorate their victory it became the fashion after this to wear the neckcloth in a negligé manner. Hence the origin of the Steinkirk cravat, as it was afterwards called.

During the reign of George III his Royal Highness the Duke of York had a duel with Charles, the Duke of Devonshire, and the work of the Colonel succeeded in shoving away one of the Duke's curls. Hence it became the correct thing to wear a curl on one side of the temple only.

When Fox, the first of Quakers, was sitting in church and the preacher said anything which he didn't like he moved solemnly, put on his hat and kept it on until the disagreeable remarks concluded. Hence arose the Quaker custom of wearing hats in church.

## PLAYS AND ACTORS.

THE DRAMA OF THE FUTURE.

It is 20 years since the Bancrofts, restored comedy to the English stage, and yet managers still hold that the public prefers melodrama, carried to the verge of tragedy, or farce brought within the fringe of comedy. In this true, or is manager in the position of the old coach driver who claimed that travelling behind horses was infinitely superior to railway travelling because when an accident happened to a coach—"why there you are, but in a train you wouldn't know where you'd be!" None melodrama falls, actors, stage properties and mechanical effects can be shifted like a pack of cards into another combination within a week, and the same with farcical comedy. Actors have no new character to study, each has his type, proved popular by experience, and so he sticks to it, merely changing his wig and dialogue at each successive change of life. True comedy and what is known as legitimate drama necessitate a much higher class of acting, consequently the expenses of the company are greater, while the risk of failure is by no means eliminated. An actor's impersonation of Hamlet or Charles Surface may be a very correct psychological study, but if it "smells of the lamp," the public will have none of it, and thus the study of months is wasted in a week, leaving the manager at his wits' end to fill his benches, for few lesses can afford to keep two or three first class plays in rehearsal.

There is no doubt that theatrical performances have grown enormously in popularity within the last 20 years, and as their popularity has grown so has the dissatisfaction with the class of play presented. The public, at least the great bulk of the educated public, do not esteem melodrama and farce higher than tragedy and comedy, but the majority certainly do prefer to witness the former class well played rather than the latter

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ill performed. Managers, as Planché said, are men who love their own interests a great deal better than they understand them, so naturally they keep to the lines which have proved payable, and prefer to invest their money rather than highly to invest company who will insist upon having more and more of the profits as they grow in public favor. Leading actors in melodrama and farce get from £50 to £50 a week, and can be replaced with ease. Actors particularly known in the profession as "stars" receive from £50 to £100 per week, and their recession will often prove the ruin of a company, already costing the manager hundreds of pounds weekly. Can it be wondered at that managers should be chary of risking their capital in such ventures, although if successful the profits be enormous?

The question is what remedy can be offered to remove the dissatisfaction of voice-cultivated audiences and elevate the taste of those who are the backbone of sensational drama. Mr. Oswald Crawford, writing on this subject in a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review*, thinks that one of the causes of stage deterioration is that the "country cousin" does not "set his face as rigidly as he should against rant and noise and the tricks of the stage." In fact let the stalls and the dress circle applaud or hiss "like a man and a wife," as often as he is pleased or displeased. 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